

SEXTVS.

MVSICA SACR̄A:  
TO  
Sixe Voices.

*Composed in the Italian  
Tongue.*

By GIOVANNI CROCE.

Newly Englished.



AT LONDON,  
Printed by H. L. for MATHIEW  
LOWNES.

1611.

58...524



# To the vertuous Louers of Musicke.



*These Sonnets, composed first most exquisitely in Italian by Sior. Francesco Bembo a Gentleman of Italie; were so admired of Giouan. Croce, one of the most excellent Musicians of the world, as well for their Poesie, as Pietie (the Substance of them being drawn from those seauen notable Psalmes called Penetentials; indited by that Sweete Singer of Israel, inspired of the holie Spirit) as that hee thought it worthy of his skill in Musicke, to apply them to this Harmonie of Sixe parts; as well to honour their Author and his Composition, as to giue a profitable Delight vnto the vertuous. And my selfe often obseruing the generall applause giuen these Songs when I haue heard them soong, (though somtimes without the words) thought it would be verie gratefull to many of our English louers of Musick, if they were translated, or imitated in our tongue: the rather, because through their want of understanding the Italian, they are deprived of a Chief part of their delight. For albeit that the verie concent of the Note may sweetly strike the outward sense of the eare; yet it is the Dittie, which conuayed with the Musicke to the intellectual Soule, by the Organs of hearing, that doth touch the hart, and stir the affections eyther to Iocondnes, or Sadnes, Leuitie, or Grauitie, according to the nature of the Composition: in which respect (especially) the articulate voice of man excelleth all other voices, and Instruments in the world. Besides I supposed, that the Scarcetie (not onely in our tongue, but in all other vulgars) of Musicke in this kinde, whereby men may be edified and God glorified, would make these the more acceptable; and peraduenture be a motive to some of our excellent Musicians to dedicate their diuine skill to the Seruice of God, in Songs of this more Sanctified kinde In which respects; and for that I was encouraged thereto by some, Skilfull in this Arte: I haue aduentured to publish these (otherwise destinate to priuacie) vnto the view of the world: Although I am not Ignorant that in this curious age, it is likely to run the ordinary fortune (euen of more exact labours) vpon the Shelues of ridged censure: But the Gentle, will winck at small faults where they spie them: As for the Supercilious Critick if (after he haue compared them with the Originall) he dislike them: he may please himselfe, and doe them all better. But doe Yee accept them with a Serene browe, and vse them to the glory of God, and your Laudable and Christian delight.*  
*Fare yee well.*

Your well-willer

R. H.

# FIRST SONNET

*Ex Psal. 6.*



Ord, in thy wrath reprove mee not severely,  
Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure:  
Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding measure,  
For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearily.

Saue it (O Lord) Almighty-most Supernall,  
Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying:  
For who in deepe Hell (and fierce Torments frying)  
Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall?  
Long haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's,  
My bed and bosome, with my teares I water:  
My foes Despight hath ploughd my face with furrows.  
But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:  
Hence yee wicked, sith God (so gracious for ys)  
Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.

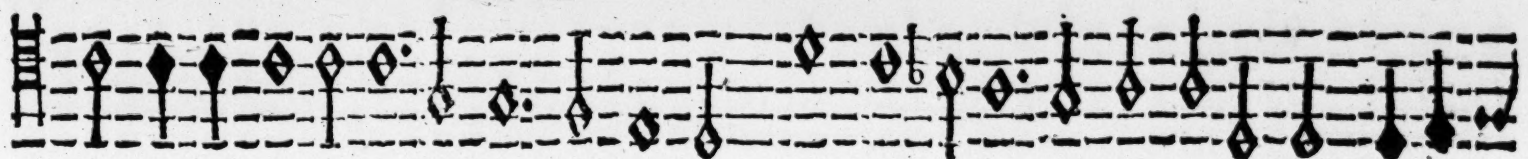




Ord in thy wrath reprove me not feuar-



ly, Lord in thy wrath reprove me not feuearly, not feuearly,



Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure: Haue mercie on my Sins exceeding mea-



sure: My Sins, exceeding measure: For full of feares, my Soule, my Soule



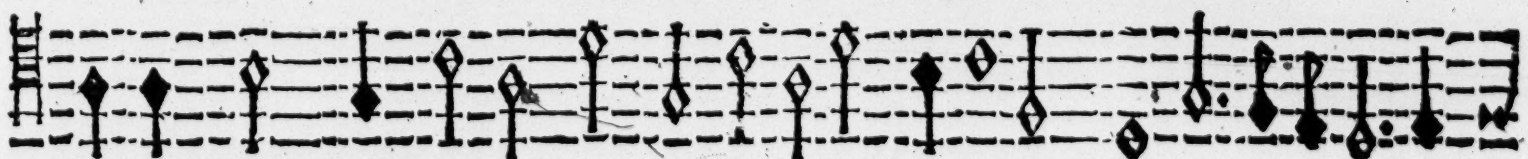
is vexed, is vexed drearily. Saue it O Lord Almightye, Saue it O Lord Almightye,



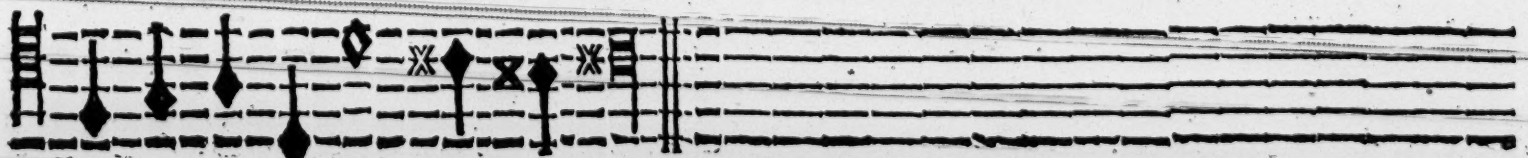
Saue it O Lord Almightye-most, Supernall, Saue it, alas, from th'euer-ne-



uer Dying: For who in deep Hell, deep Hell, and fierce Torments frying, Shall



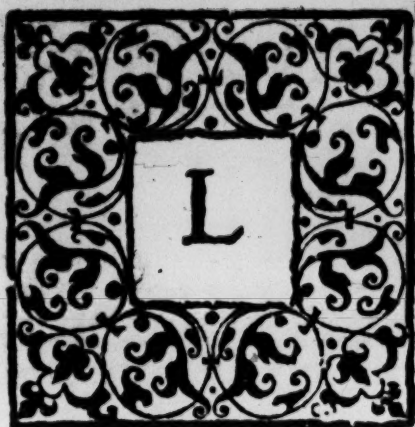
sing thy praise, Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall: th'Eter-



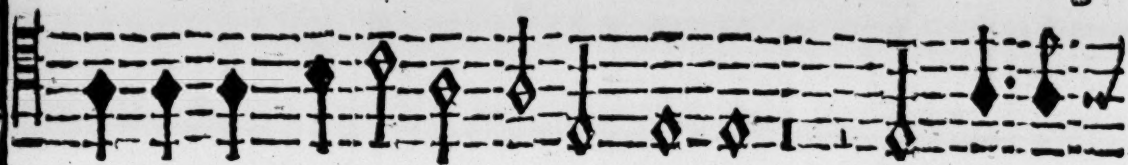
nall?

A. iij.





Ong haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's: Long



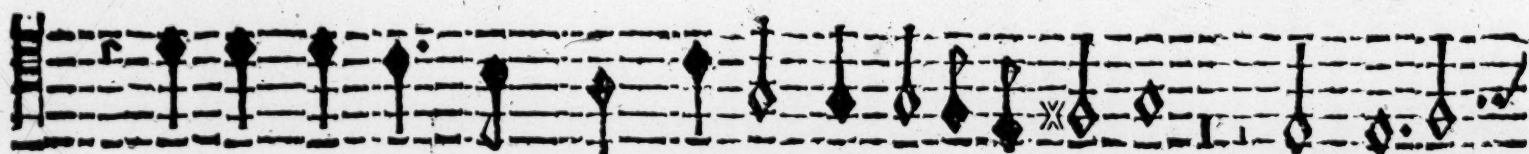
haue I Languisht in my grieuous Sorrow's: My Bed, and



bosom, with my tear's I water:

My foes Despight,

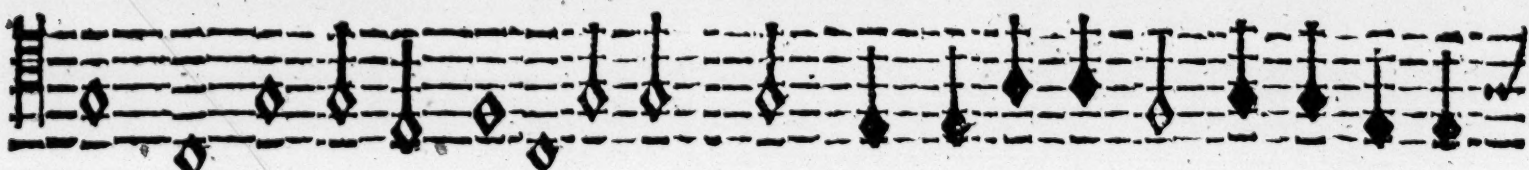
My foes Despight,



My foes Despight hath plow'd my face with fur-

row's,

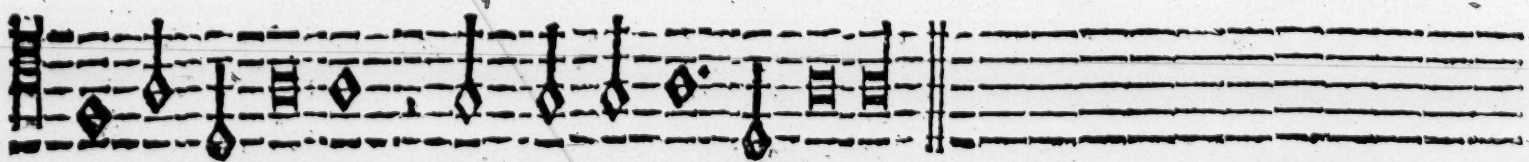
But now my



Soule, my Soule let th'angodly Scatter: Hence, hence ye wicked; Sith God so gratio'us



for vs, Sith God so gratio'us, God so gratio'us for vs: Hath heard my moan, and doth



regard my matter.

and doth regard, my matter.



## SECOND SONNET

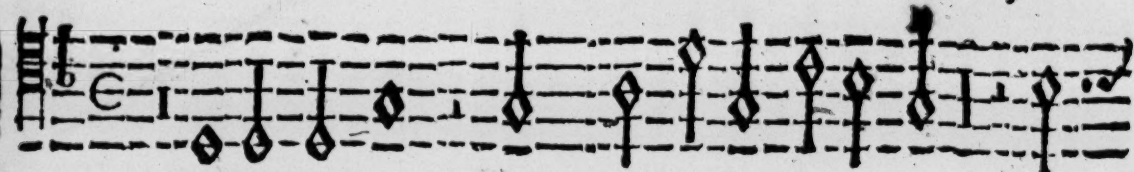
*Ex P/al. 32.*



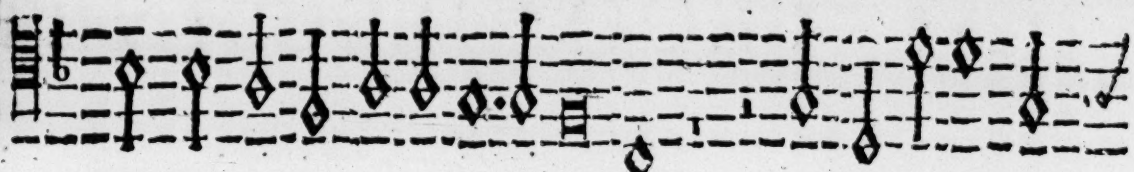
Blessed are they, whose faults (so oft forbidden)  
Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remission:  
And they whose Sinns (of Act and of Omission)  
Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.

Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee;  
Which graciously (my God) thou hast forgiuen:  
The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)  
And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.  
O thou my Refuge, and my Consolation,  
Deliuier me my God which art Almightye:  
From Enemies that enuie my Saluation.  
A many Rods pursue the Sinner (rightly)  
But those that place in thee their expectation,  
Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.





Lessed are they, whose faults so oft forbidden, Haue



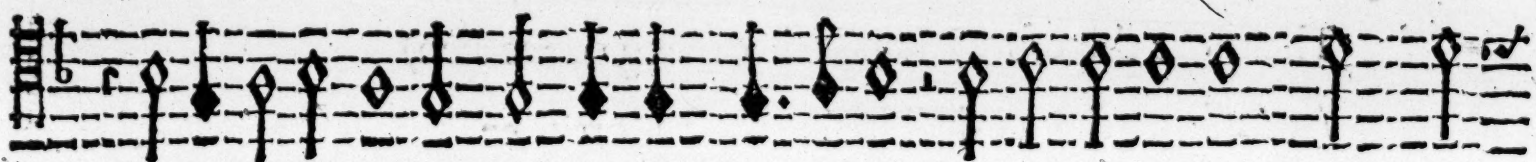
free forgiuenes and a full remissi'on: a full remissi'on:



And a full remissi'on: re- missi'on: And they whose Sins, they whose Sins of A & t,



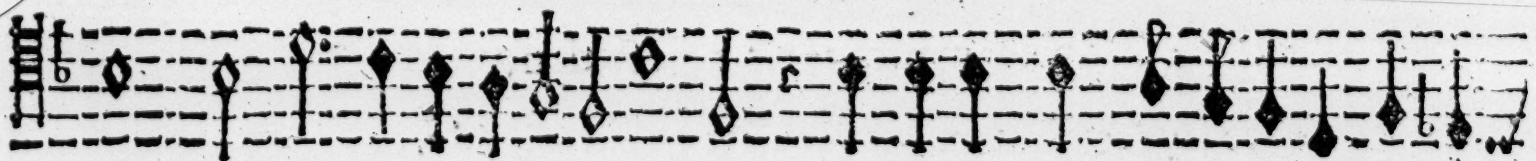
And they whose Sins, whose Sins of A & t, and of Omis- si'on, are not Imputed,



but in mercy hidden. Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee, Which gra-

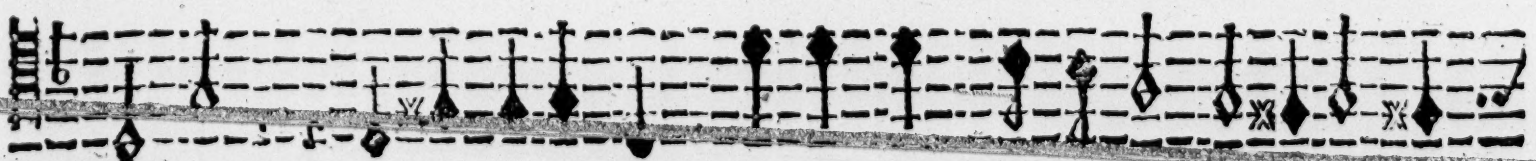


ci'ously (my God) thou hast forguen: The more therefore I Laude thee (King of

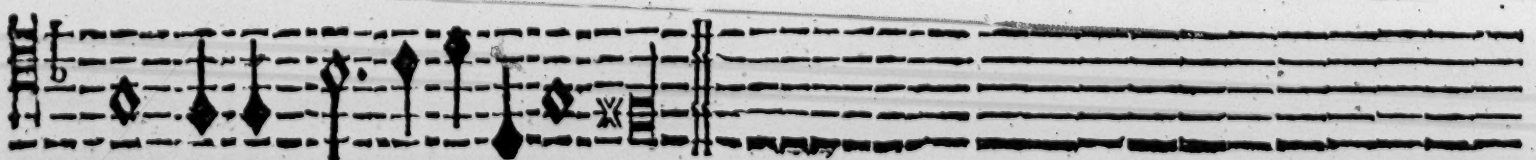


Heau'n) thee King of

Heau'n, And all thy Saints shall in due time a-



dore thee, due time adore thee. All thy Saints shall in due time adore

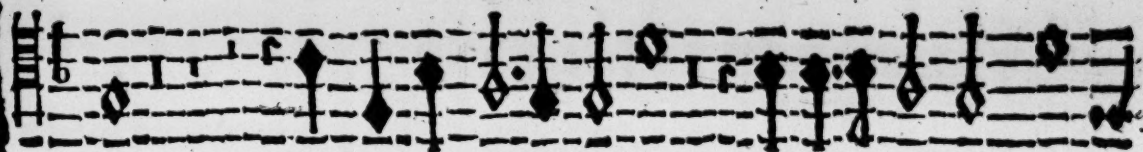


thee. in due time adore, adore thee.





Thou my Refuge and Conso-la-



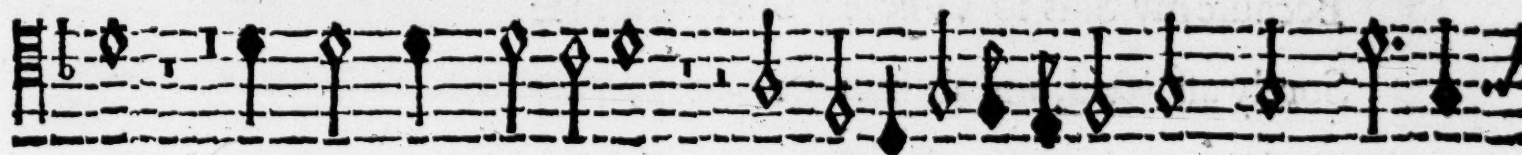
ti'on, and my Conso-lati'on, Deliuer me my God,



Deliuer me my God which art Almightie: From Enemies that enuie



my Saluati'on. my Sal- uati'on. A many Rods pursue the Sinner right-



ly; But those that place in thee their Expecta- ti'on, Grace shall em-



brace. Grace shall embrace. Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.



Ioy yee that walk vprightly. vprightly. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

# THIRD SONNET

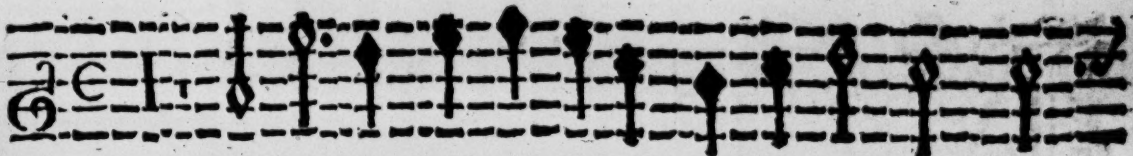
*Ex Psal. 38.*



Ord, in thine Anger doe no more reprocue me,  
Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;  
For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:  
Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes mooue me.

Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish:  
Because my Sins so Wholely ouercame mee,  
Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;  
And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.  
My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,  
And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,  
But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes sped me.  
In thee I hope (my God) Ah listen to me:  
Ah, Leaue me not (thou that canst best bested me)  
Thou my Saluation, and Comfort sole vnto me.





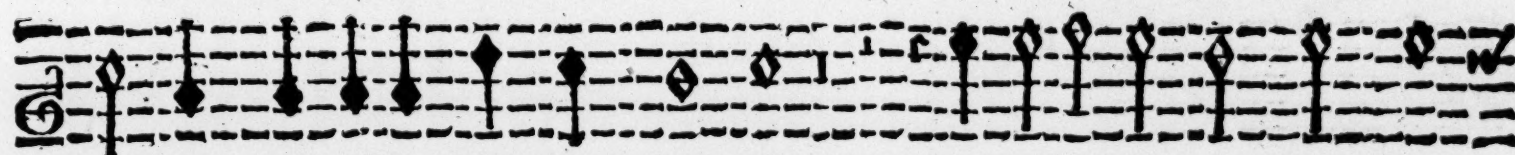
Ord in thine Anger doe no more reprove me : Nor



in thy Furie multiplie my Sorrow's, multiplie my Sorrow's :



For in my Fleash I feele; For in my Fleash I feele thy fearfull Arrows; Thy hea-



uie hand doth vnto Goodnesse moue me.

Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth



Sigh and Languish; doth Sigh and Languish: and Languish; Because my



Sins so wholly ouercame mee: Sorely afflicted, afflicted, afflicted, and all



humbled am I: And in my plaint my hart Roars



out, Roars

out

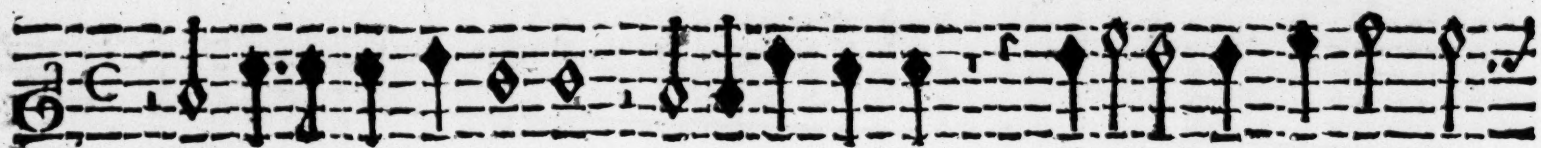


for an- guish. for an- guish.





my Sight hath fled me, fled me, hath fled me, fled me:



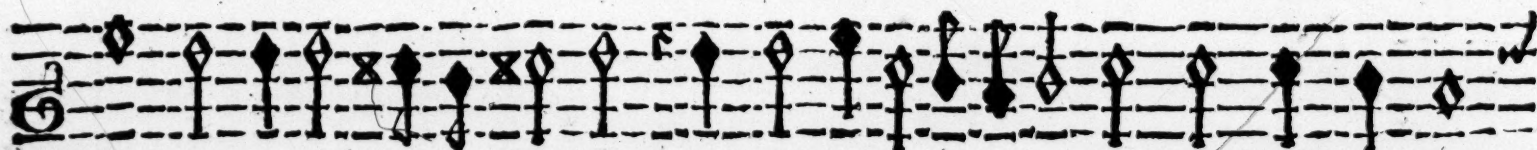
And eu'rie one Endeauours to vn- doo me: But I as Deafned, the while



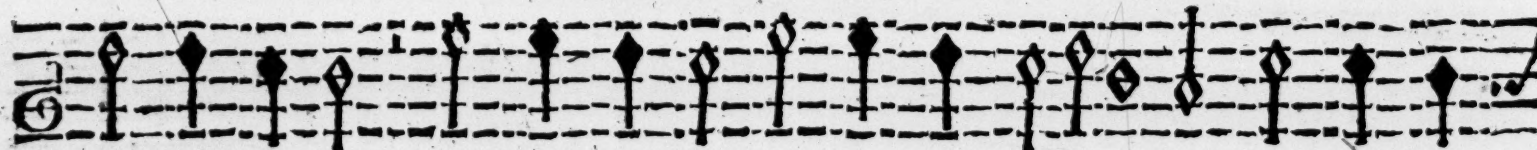
with Dumbnes, Dumbnes sped me. In thee I hope (my G O D) Ah listen, to



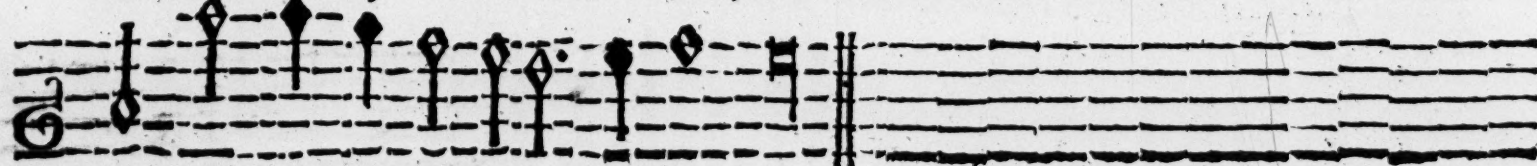
mee: Ah, listen to mee. Ah! Ah Leaue thou me not: Ah Leaue thou me not,



Thou, my Salua- ti'on, thou my Salua- ti'on, and Comfort sole,



and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee. and Comfort



sole, and Comfort sole vnto mee,



## FOURTH SONNET

*Ex Psal. 51.*

Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,  
 And mortifie my Sin so grieuous guiltie;  
 O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;  
 For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'st) my Sinfull mother bore mee;

But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,

Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,

So shall no Snowe in whitenesse goe before mee.

Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;

And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;

So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it,

And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:

Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)

Are th'onely Sacrifice thou Ioy'st in euer.





**Hew mercie Lord on me, O Lord on me, most haynous**

**Sinner ; And mortifie my Sin, my Sin so grievous guiltie :**

grievous guiltie: And Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me Filthy, and Purifie me Fil-

thy, and Purifie me Filthy : For in thy sight O Lord I am onely Sin-

ner. In Sin thou knowest my Sinfull Mother bore me: But O thou

Guide vnto the heau'nly      the heau'nly Citie: Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer

of thy pittie; So shall no Snow, no Snow, So shall no Snow, no Snow; So

Shall no Snow, no Snow in whitenes goe before me. So shall no Snow, no Snow in

white- nes goe before mee.





Iue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit: an



vntainted an vntainted Spirit: And of thy Grace and



Face, bereaue me neuer: And of thy Grace and Face bereaue me neuer: So shall I



more adore, So shall I more adore thy Name, and feare it: thy Name, and



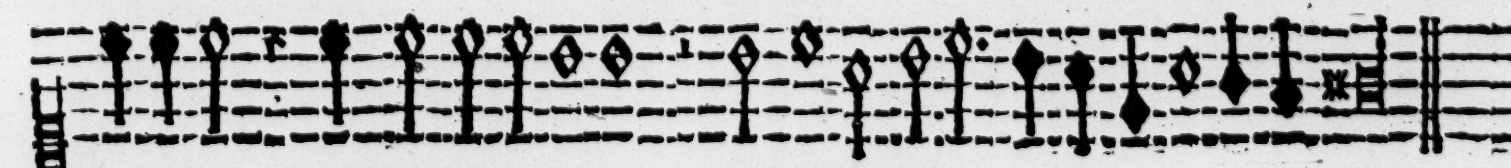
feare it: thy Name and feare it: And to thy Seruice more and



more, thy Seruice more and more, and more Endeauour: Sith broken harts as



doth thy voyce auer it: Sith broken harts as doth thy voyce auer it, Are th'only



Sacrifice, thou loyest in Euer. thou loyest in E- uer.



## FIFT SONNET

*Ex Psal. 102.*

Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,  
 Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger:  
 My Dayes doe vade as Smoak, my hart in Langor,  
 Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shu'nst thou my Complaynings?  
 Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying:  
 In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,  
 My Drinck my Tears; while I haue felt the Lashes  
 Of thy fierce Vvrrath, for all mine often Crying.  
 All Kings and Nations shall admire thy Glory,  
 When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest;  
 It shall be Writ in an Eternall Story.  
 Ah! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendest,  
 That madest All (Heaun, Earth, and Ocean hoarie)  
 That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest.





Arken Lord vnto mine humble, ming humble Play-



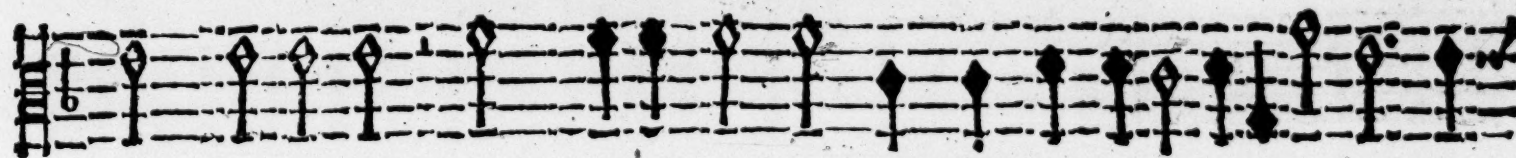
nings; Hide not thy face for euer, for euer, in thine Anger: My



Dayes doe vade, doe vade, doe vade as Smoak, as Smoak, My hart in Lam-



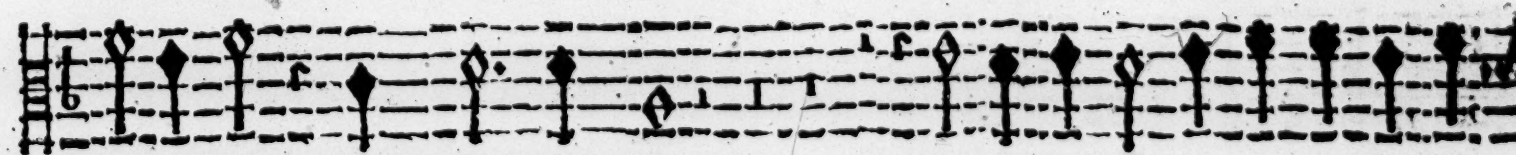
gor, Hyes (flies) to thee, why Shun'st thou my Complay- nings?



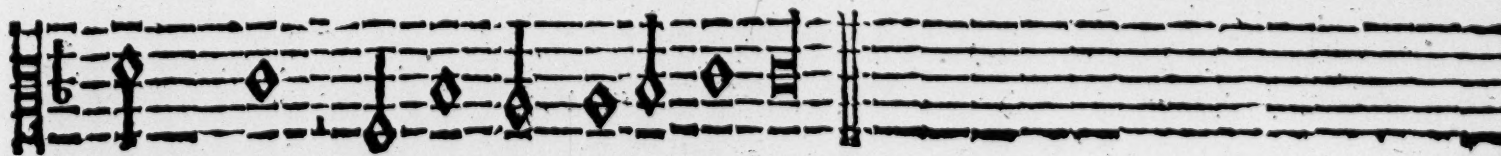
Friends haue I none, Friends haue I none, now from mee All are fly- ing: In



stead of Bread, I haue ben fed with Ashes, In stead of Bread, I haue ben fed with

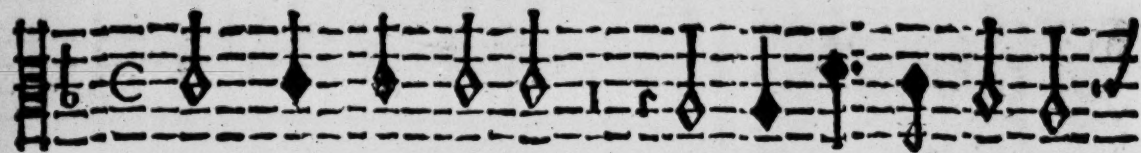


A- shes, My Drinck, my Tear's; While I haue felt the Lashes, Of thy



fierce Wrath, For all mine often Cryings.

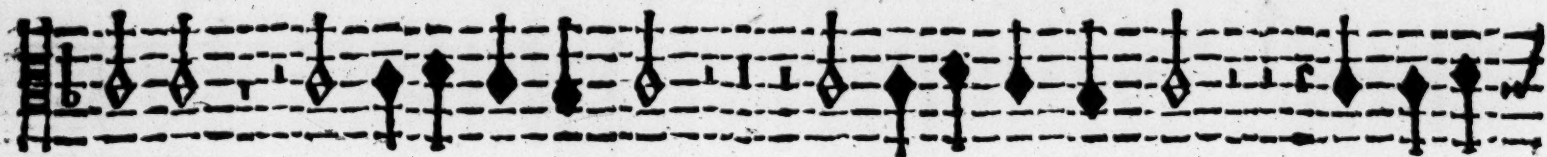




LL Kings and Nati'ons shall admi'er, admi'er thy



Glo- ry, When thou the Sighs of humble Soules at-



tendest; It shall be Writ, It shall bee Writ, It shall



bee Writ, It shall be Writ in an Eternall Sto- rie. Ah! Leave me



not thou, Thou that All Defen- dest, That madest All, That madest All



(Heau'n, Earth, and Oce'an, and Oce'an hoarie) That neuer didst Begin, and



neuer Endest, and neuer Endest.

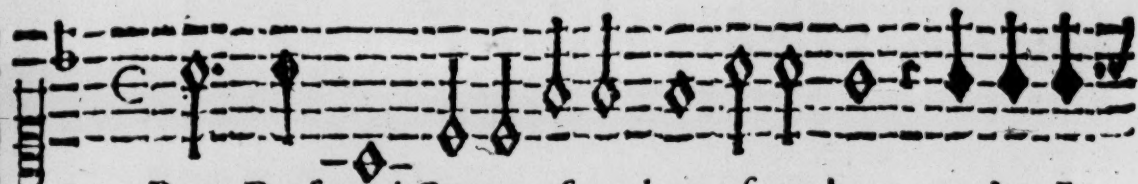


## SIXT SONNET

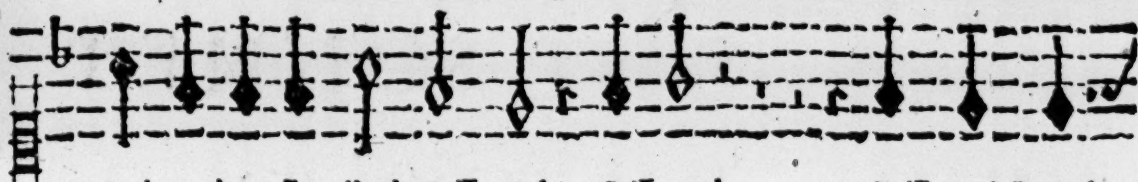
*Ex Psal. 102.*

**F**rom profound **CENTER** of my hart I cryed  
 To thee O Lord, **LORD** let thine **EARS** draw neer mee,  
 To note my **MOVRNINGS**, and quick-quickly heare mee;  
 Heare my Sad **GRONES**, to thy Sweet **GRACE** applyed.  
**LORD**, if thou looke with **RIGOUR** downe into **Vs**,  
 To mark our **SIN**, O who shall then abide it?  
 But, if with **PARDON** thou bee pleas'd to hide it  
 (If **MERCY** thou Vouchsafe) What shall **Vndoo Vs**?  
 Vpon thy **WORD** my **SOVLE** hath firmly reared  
 Her Tower of **TRVST**, there is my **H O P E** possessed;  
 With thee is **MERCY**, that thou maist bee feared;  
**MERCY**, for those that are in **S O V L E** depressed,  
**ISRAELS** Redeemer, **Whom** thou hast endeered  
 Beccom's through thee, of **SINNER**, **SAINT** and **BLESSED**.





From Profound Center of my hart, of my hart to thee I



cried, to thee I cried O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, Lord



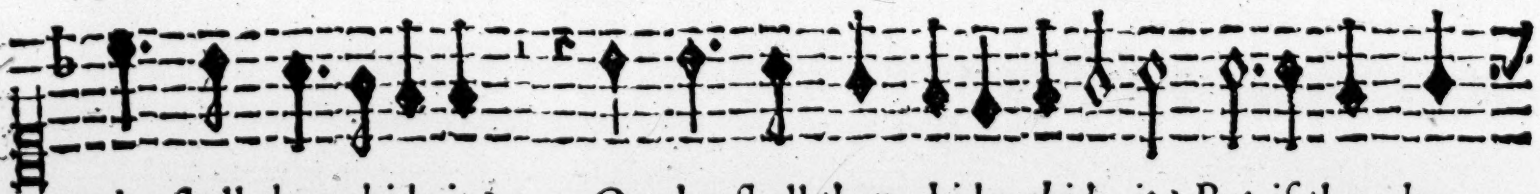
let thine eare draw neere mee, To note my mourning; and quickly heare



mee: and quickly heare mee: Heare my Sad Groanes to thy Sweet Grace, ap-



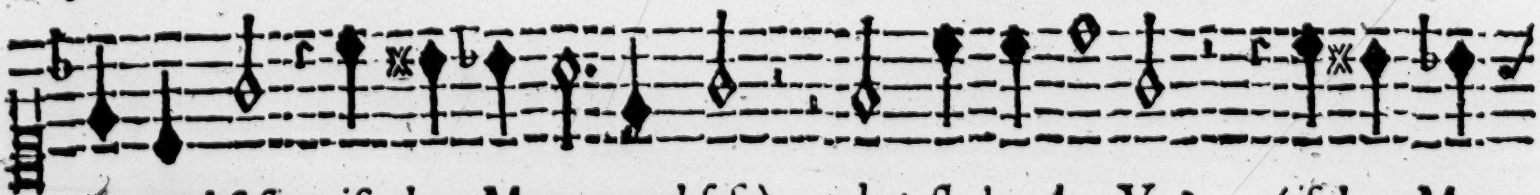
plied: Lord if thou looke with Rigor down into Vs, to mark our Sins, O



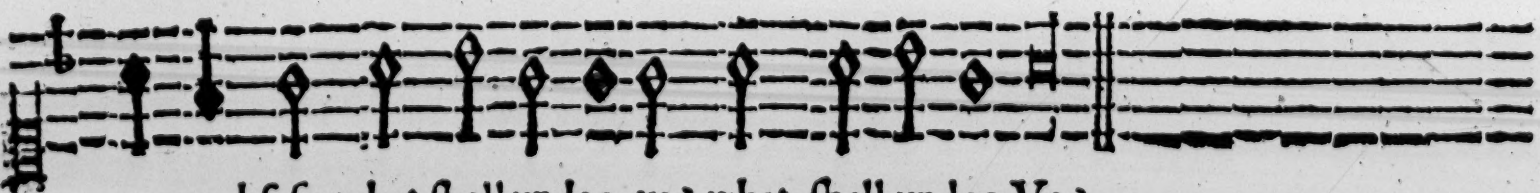
who shall then abide it? O who shall then abide, abide it? But if thou bee



pleas'd: But if with pardon thou be pleas'd to hide it, be pleas'd to hide it (If thou Mer-



cy vouchsafe, if thou Mercy vouchsafe) what shall vndoo Vs? (if thou Mer-

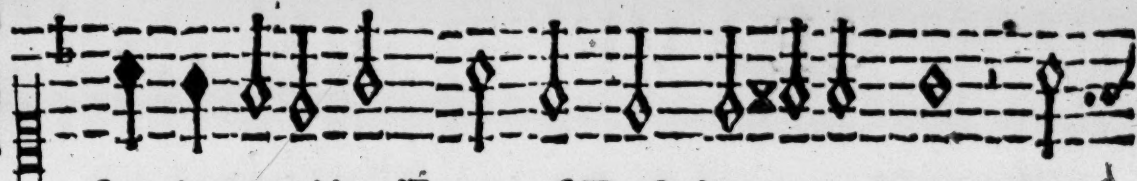


cy vouchsafe, what shall vndoo vs? what shall vndoo Vs?





Pon thy Word my Soule, hath firmly reared: hath



firmly reared her Tow'er of Trust; there is my Hope, there



is my Hope pos- sessed; for with thee, with thee is Mercy, that thou maist be fea-



red; Mercy for those, that are in Soule depressed: in Soule depressed: If-ra-



els Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeared, thou hast endeared, Becom's



through thee, of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed. of Sinner,



Saint, of Sinner, Saint & Blessed. of Sinner, Saint & Blessed. of Sinner, Saint and Blessed.



# SEAVENTH SONNET

*Ex Psal. 143.*



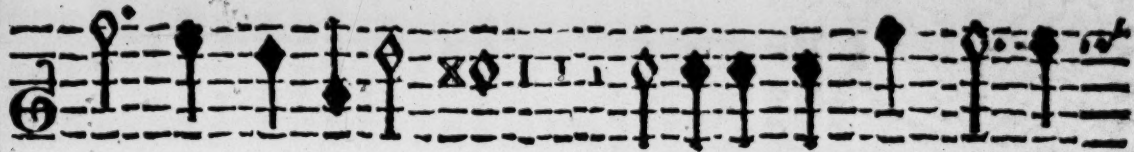
Istē O LORD vnto my Prostrate PRAYER,  
Nor into IVDGMENT with thy Seruant enter:  
For who is IYST? The foule infernall TEMPTER  
Pursues my SOVLE with Terrors of DESPAYRE.

My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee  
To waigh thy VWorks, thy Wonders I obserued,  
But to thy MERCY the Chiefe place reserued?  
Then Shew my SIN, and in thy Seruice guide mee.  
Succour mee LORD, Saue mee with expedition,  
My SPIRIT fainteth: therefore mine affection,  
My MINDE, my SOVLE, I lift (with all Submission)  
To thee my LORD, my GOD, and my protection:  
Draw mee from DANGER vnder thy Tuition,  
For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.

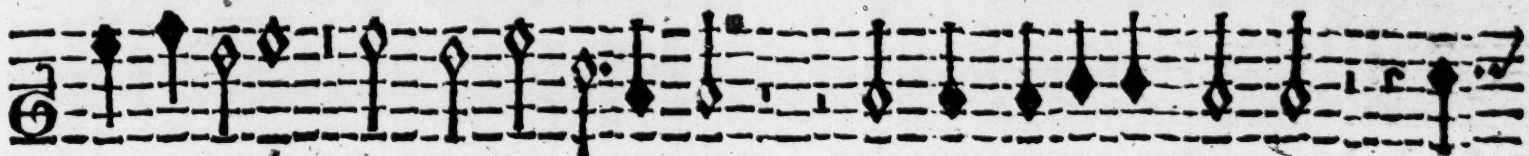




Isten, Listen O Lord, Listen, Listen O Lord vnto my



Prostrate pray- er: Nor into Iudgment with thy



Seruant enter: For who, O who is Iust: The foule In-fernall Tempter put-



sues my Soule with terrors, terrors of Despay'r: My hart's all inly vexed, My



hart's all inly vexed, my hart's all inly vexed, vexed. Yet I apply'd me to



waigh thy Works, thy Wonders I obser- ued: But to thy Mercy, but to thy



Mer- cy the Chief place reserued: the Chief place reserued: Then Shew my

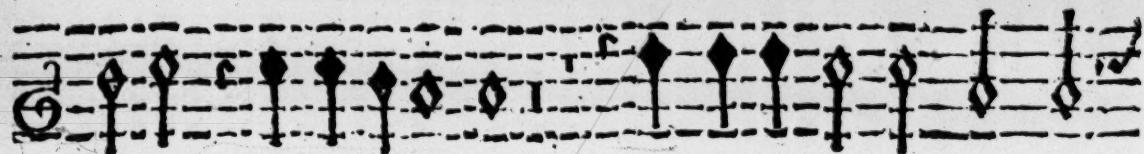


Sin, my Sin, Then shew my Sin, Then shew my Sin, my Sin, and in thy Seruice guide me.





Vccour me Lord, Saue me, saue me with expe-



diti'on, with expe-diti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore



mine affec- ti'on, My Spirit fainteth, therefore mine affecti'on, My Minde, my



Soule I lift with all Submissi'on: with all Submissi'on, To thee my Lord, my



God, my God and my Protecti'on: my God and my Protecti'on: Draw me from



Danger vnder thy Tu-i-ti'on; For I thy Seruant am, For I thy Seruant am by



thine Electi'on. by thine Electi'on. by thine Elec-

ti'on. E- lecti'on.

*FINIS.*

